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Songs

Shakespeare

Illuminated by

H. C. Hoskyns, Abrahall

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Who is **S**ilvia what is she —
That all our swains commend her? —

No^ly fair and wise is she —
The heavens such grace did lend her —

Ghat she might admired be —

Els she kind as she is fair? —
For beauty lives with kindness

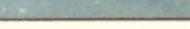
Love doth to her eyes repair —
Go help him of his blindness —

And being helped inhabits there —

Then to **S**ilvia let us sing —
That **S**ilvia is excelling —

She excels each mortal thing —
Apon this dull earth dwelling —

Go her let us garlands bring —



Gell me where is fancy bred.
GOr in the heart, or in the head?
Row begot, how nourished?
Et is engendered in the eyes,
CWith gazing fed; and fancy dies
En the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell,
Bll begin it — ding dong bell
Ding — dong — bell.

Under the greenwood tree.

Who loves to lie with me,

And tune his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat.

Come hither, come hither, come hither,

Here shall we see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither,

Here shall we see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Come away, come away, death.
Bind in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
In my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
In poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
Thousand thousand sighs to save,
Say me, where
Mad true lover never find my grave
So weep there.

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

Vou spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Harm'g hedgehogs, be not seen:
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen:
Weaving spiders, come not here:
Leave, you long legg'd spinners, hence.
Beetles black, approach not near:
Norm, nor snail, do no offence:
Thymel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Tulla, nulla, lullaby; nulla, nulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm:
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good night, with lullaby.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And **P**hebus' arms arise.
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:
Hind winking **M**ary-buds begin
Go ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin
Du lady will arise.
Arise arise.

come thou monarch of the vine

lumpy Bacchus with pink eyes

in thy bats our cares be drown'd

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd

up us till the world go round

up us till the world go round

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As mans ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen.
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho sing, heigh-ho unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly;
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky.
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp.
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not.
Heigh-ho sing, heigh-ho unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly;
This life is most jolly.

Dake O take those lips away
Ghat so sweetly were forsworn:
And those eyes the break of day.
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again
 Bring again:

Seals of love but sealed in vain.
 Sealed in vain.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Dig paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Nocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Nocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Here the bee sucks, there suck **H**
In a cowslips bell **E** lie.
Here **E** couch when owls do cry;
On a bat's back **E** do fly.
After summer merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall **H** live now.
Under the blossom that hangs on y^e bough



Here the bee sucks, there suck **H**

In a cowslips bell **E** lie.

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After summer merrily;

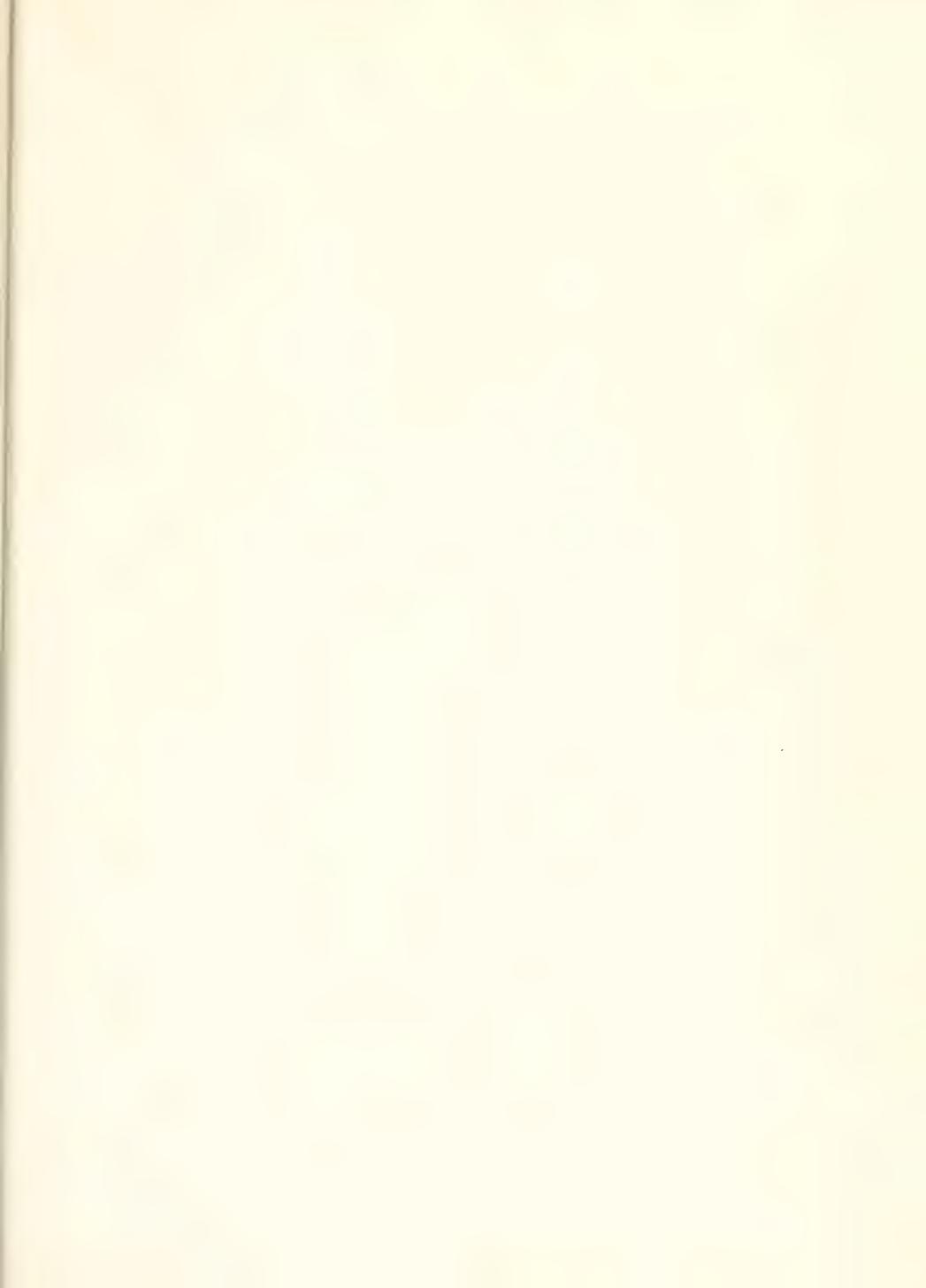
Merrily, merrily, shall **H** live now.

Under the blossom that hangs on y^e bough





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Shakespeare, William
Songs

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